

Adri. Backe slau, or I will breake thy pate a-crosse.
Dro. And he will blesse y^e crosse with other beating:
 Betweene you, I shall haue a holy head.

Adri. Hence prating peasant, fetch thy Master home.
Dro. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
 That like a foot-ball you doe spurne me thus:
 You spurne me hence, and he will spurne me hither,
 If I last in this seruice, you must case me in leather.

Luci. Fie how impatience lowreth in your face.

Adri. His company must do his minions grace,
 Whil'ft I at home starue for a merrie looke:
 Hath homelie age th'alluring beauty tooke
 From my poore cheekes? then he hath wasted it.

Are my discourses dull? Batten my wit,
 If voluble and sharpe discourse be mar'd,
 Vnkindnesse blunts it more then marble hard.

Doe their gay vestments his affections baite?
 That's not my fault, hee's master of my state,
 What ruines are in me that can be found,
 By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground

Of my defeatures. My decayed faire,
 A sunnie looke of his, would soone repaire.
 But, too vnruely Deere, he breake the pale,
 And feedes from home; poore I am but his tale.

Luci. Selfe-harming lealouise; he beat it hence.
Ad. Vnfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispence:

I know his eye doth homage other-where,
 Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
 Sister, you know he promis'd me a chaine,
 Would that alone, a loue he would detain,

So he would keepe faire quarter with his bed:
 I see the Jewell best enameld
 Will loose his beautie: yet the gold bides still
 That others touch, and often touching will,

Where gold and no man that hath a name,
 By falshood and corruption doth it shame:
 Since that my beautie cannot please his eie,
 Ile weepe (what's left away) and weeping die.

Luci. How manie fond, fooles serue mad lelouise?
Exit.

Enter Antipholus Errotis.
Ant. The gold I gaue to *Dromio* is laid vp
 Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedfull slau
 Is wandred forth in care to seeke me out
 By computation and mine hosts report.

I could not speake with *Dromio*, since at first
 I sent him from the Mart? see here he comes.

Enter Dromio Syracuse.
 How now sir, is your merrie humor alter'd?
 As you loue stroakes, so iest with me againe:
 You know no *Centaur*? you recei'd no gold?
 Your Mistresse sent to haue me home to dinner?

My house was at the *Phoenix*? Wast thou mad,
 That thus so madlie thou didst answer me?

S.Dro. What answer sir? when spake I such a word?
E.Ant. Euen now, euen here, not halfe an houre since.

S.Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence
 Home to the *Centaur* with the gold you gaue me.

Ant. Villaine, thou didst denie the golds receipt,
 And toldst me of a Mistresse, and a dinner,
 For which I hope thou felst I was displeas'd.

S.Dro. I am glad to see you in this merrie yaine,
 What meanes this iest, I pray you Master tell me?

Ant. Yea, dost thou iere & flowt me in the teeth?
 Thinkst thou I iest? hold, take thou that, & that. *Beats Dro.*

S.Dro. Hold sir, for Gods sake, now your iest is earnest,
 Vpon what bargaine do you giue it me?

Antiph. Because that I familiarlie sometimes
 Doe vse you for my foole, and chat with you,
 Your sawcinesse will iest vpon my loue,
 And make a Common of my serious howres,

When the sunne shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
 But creepe in crannies, when he hides his beames:
 If you will iest with me, know my aspect,
 And fashion your demeanor to my lookes,

Or I will beat this method in your sconce.
S.Dro. Sconce call you it? so you would leaue batter-
 ring, I had rather haue it a head, and you vse these blows
 long, I must get a sconce for my head, and In sconce it
 to, or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders, but I pray
 sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Dost thou not know?
S.Dro. Nothing sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?
S.Dro. I sir, and wherefore; for they say, every why
 hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why first for flowing me, and then wherefore,
 for vrging it the second time to me.

S.Dro. Was there euer anie man thus beaten out of
 season, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither
 time nor reason. Well sir, I thanke you.

Ant. Thanke me sir, for what?
S.Dro. Marry sir, for this something that you gaue me
 for nothing.

Ant. He make you amends next, to giue you nothing
 for something. But say sir, is it dinner time?

S.Dro. No sir, I thinke the meat wants that I haue.

Ant. In good time sir: what's that?

S.Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well sir, then 'twill be drie.

S.Dro. If it be sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S.Dro. Left it make you chollericke, and purchase me
 another drie basting.

Ant. Well sir, learne to iest in good time, there's a
 time for all things.

S.Dro. I durst haue denied that before you were so
 chollericke.

Ant. By what rule sir?

S.Dro. Marry sir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald
 pate of Father time himselfe.

Ant. Let's heare it.

S.Dro. There's no time for a man to recouer his haire
 that growes bald by nature.

Ant. May he not doe it by fine and recouerie?

S.Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recouer
 the lost haire of another man.

Ant. Why, is Time such a niggard of haire, being (as
 it is) so plentifull an excrement?

S.Dro. Because it is a blessing that hee bestowes on
 beasts, and what he hath scantied them in haire, hee hath
 giuen them in wit.

Ant. Why, but theres manie a man hath more haire
 then wit.

S.Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose
 his haire.

Ant. Why thou didst conclude hairy men plain dea-
 lers without wit.

S.Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he loo-
 seth it in a kinde of iollitie.

Ant. For what reason.

S.Dro. For two, and found ones to.

Ant. Nay, not found I pray you.

S.Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not sure in a thing falling.

S.Dro. Certaine ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S.Dro. The one to saue the money that he spends in
 trying: the other, that at dinner they should not drop in
 his portage.

Ant. You would all this time haue prou'd, here is no
 time for all things.

S.Dro. Marry and did sir: namely, in no time to re-
 couer haire lost by Nature.

Ant. But your reason was not substantiall, why there
 is no time to recouer.

S.Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himselfe is bald, and
 therefore to the worlds end, will haue bald followers.

Ant. I knew 't would be a bald conclusion: but soft,
 who waits vs yonder.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I, I, *Antipholus*, looke strange and frowne,
 Some other Mistresse hath thy sweet aspects:
 I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou vn-vrg'd wouldst vow,
 That neuer words were musike to thine eare,
 That neuer obiect pleasing in thine eye,
 That neuer touch well welcome to thy hand,
 That neuer meat sweet-sauour'd in thy taste,
 Vnlesse I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or car'd to thee.

How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,
 That thou art then estranged from thy selfe?
 Thy selfe I call it, being strange to me:
 That vndiuidable Incorporate
 Am better then thy deere selfe better part.
 Ah doe not teare away thy selfe from me;
 For know my loue: as easie maist thou fall
 A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
 And take vnminglethence that drop againe
 Without addition or diminishing,
 As take from me thy selfe, and not me too.

How deere would it touch thee to the quicke,
 Shouldst thou but heare I were licentious?
 And that this body consecrate to thee,
 By Ruffian Lust should be contaminate?
 Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurne at me,
 And hurle the name of husband in my face,
 And teare the stain'd skin of my Harlot brow,
 And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
 And breake it with a deepe-diurcing vow?

I know thou canst, and therefore see thou doe it.
 I am posselt with an adulterate blot,
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
 For if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I doe digest the poison of thy flesh,
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion:
 Keepe then faire league and truce with thy true bed,
 I lue distain'd, thou vndishonoured.

Antiph. Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not:
 In *Ephesus* I am but two houres old,
 As strange vnto your towne, as to your talke,
 Who eury word by all my wit being scan'd,
 Wants wit in all, one word to vnderstand.

Luci. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you:
 When were you wont to vse my sister thus?
 She sent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

Ant. By *Dromio*?
Adri. By thee, and this cho
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 Come I will fasten on this sleet
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S.Dro. Oh for my beads, I
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 Sleeping or waking, mad or we
 Knowne vnto these, and to my
 Ile say as they say, and perseuer
 And in this mist at all aduentur
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